Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

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THE TWO CARPENTERS;
Or, A Story For Mechanics.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Bracket and Ludlow Weston were apprentices to a carpenter by the name of Jonas White. They were nearly of the same age—about nineteen, and were both of remarkably good disposition, and, withal, very punctual at their work. Mr. White was a kind indulgent man, and his workmen had no reason to complain of his requirements.

"Charley," said Ludlow Weston, one evening after they had closed their labors upon a house that Mr. White was erecting, "let us have a ride this evening."

"No,' returned Charles Bracket, as he removed his apron. The answer was short, but yet was kindly spoken.

"Come, do," urged Ludlow. "It will be a beautiful evening, and we can have a first-rate time. Won't you go?"

"I cannot Lud."

"But why?"

"Because I am otherwise engaged, and beside, I haven't the money to spare."

"Never mind the engagement, but come along, and I will pay the expenses."

"If I ever join with a companion in any pastime that involves pecuniary expenses, I shall always pay my share; but this evening Lud, I have an engagement with myself."

"And what can it be, Charley?"

"I borrowed a book of Mr. White, a few days since, and as I promised to return it as soon as I finished it, I desire to do so as soon as possible, so I must devote this evening to reading."

"And what is the subject, pray?" asked Ludlow.

"The history of Architecture," returned Brackett.

"Oh, bah! Such dry stuff as that!"

"It's not dry, I assure you, Lud?"

"It may not be to you, but it is to me. What, poring over architecture all night, after working hard at it all day."

"Yes," returned Charles; because I am thus enabled to learn more of the different branches of our business."

"Well," said Ludlow, with a slight toss of the head, "for my part I learn full as much about the carpenter's trade at my work as I shall ever find use for. I don't see the use, after a poor fellow has been tied up to mortices, grooves, sills, rafters, sleepers, and such matters, all day long, to drag away the night in studying the stuff all over again."

"Ah, Lud," replied Charles Brackett, "you don't take the right view of the matter. Every man makes himself honorable in a peculiar business, just so far as he understands that business thoroughly, and applies himself to its perfection. It is not the calling or trade that makes the man, but it's the honest enterprise with which the calling is followed. In looking about for a business that should give a support through life, I hit upon and chose the one in which we are now both engaged, and when I did so, I resolved that I would make myself useful in it. We have something besides physical strength to employ and cultivate: we have a mind that must labor, and that mind will labor at something. Now, physical labor alone is tedious and unthankful; but when we combine the mental and physical, and make them assist each other, then we find labor a source of comfort."

"Really Charles, you are quite a philosopher, and I suppose what you say is true; but then I should like to know if it don't require some mental labor to keep up with the instructions of our boss? I declare it keeps me thinking pretty sharply."

"That may be," said Charles "but after all, the only labor you perform is memory. You only remember Mr. White's instructions, and then follow them, and in so doing, you learn nothing more than the mere method of doing the work you are engaged on. For instance, you know how long to make the rafters of the house we are now building, and you know how to let them into the plates; but do you know the philosophical reason for all this? Do you know why you are required to perform your work after given rules?"

"I know that I am to do it, and that when I am of age, I shall be paid for doing it. That is enough," answered Ludlow, with much emphasis.

"It is not enough for me," said Charles. "Every piece of mechanism has a science in its composition, and I would be able to comprehend that science so as to apply it, perhaps to other uses.—In short, Lud, I would be master of my business."

"And so would I. I tell you Charley, I believe I could frame a house now."

"Such a one as you have been taught to build, Lud."

"Certainly. Everybody must be taught at first."

"True; and every body may gain improvement upon the instructions of others by self-culture."

"Then you won't go to ride this evening?" said Ludlow, as they reached their boarding-house.

"No."

Here the conversation ended. That evening Ludlow Weston, hired a horse and chaise, and went to ride, while Charles Bracket betook himself to his room, and was soon deeply interested in his History of Architecture. Some parts he would read over several times so as to thoroughly comprehend them, and occasionally he would take notes, and copy some of the drawings. Before he had retired to his rest, he had finished the book; and when he arose the next morning, he felt happy and satisfied with himself.

"Ah, Charley, I had a glorious time last night," said Ludlow Weston, with a heavy yawn, as the two apprentices met before breakfast.

"So did I," returned Charles.

"At your dry books, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't envy you. Egad, Charley, the recollections of last night's ride, and supper, will give me enjoyment for a month."

"And the recollection of my last night's study may benefit me for a life-time."

"Bah!" said Ludlow. But the very manner in which he uttered it showed that he did not exactly mean it.

A month had passed away, and it was Saturday morning.

"Charley," said Ludlow Weston, "we have not got to work this afternoon.—Now, what do you say to joining the party on the pond? We have got the boats engaged, and we are going to have a capital time. I'm going to carry Sophia, and you must take Mary and go with us."

"I am sorry that I must disappoint you, Lud; but the old professor at the academy, as he has no school this afternoon, has promised to give me some assistance in my studies in mensuration and it would be a disappointment both to him and myself to miss the opportunity."

"O, bother your mensuration. Come along. Mary Waters will think you are really mean, for Sophy Cross will be sure to tell her what a fine time she had with me."

"No, Mary won't," returned Charles. "After I have finished my lesson, I am going to take a horse and chaise, and carry her out to visit her sick aunt, where we shall spend the Sabbath. However, I hope you will have a good time, and I believe you will too."

Mary Waters and Sophia Cross were both of them good girls, and they really loved the youths whose attentions they were respectively receiving. Charles and Ludlow had already talked of marriage, and they looked forward to that important event with much joy, and all who knew them had reason to believe that they would both make good husbands.

Thus time glided away. Both of the young men laid up some money, and they were steady at work, but Charles pursued his studies with unremitting diligence, while Ludlow could never see any use in a mere carpenter's bothering his brain with geometrical properties, acres of figures, columns of solids, mathematical roots and powers, trigonometry and a thousand other things that his companion spent so much time over.

Two years were soon swallowed up in the vortex of time, and Charles and Ludlow were free. They were both hired by their old master, and for several months they worked on in town where Mr. White resided. Ludlow Weston was married to Sophia Cross, and they boarded with the bride's mother.

"Ain't you ever going to get married?" asked Ludlow, as he and Charles were at work together.

"As soon as I can get a house to put a wife into," quietly returned Charles.

"Why, you can hire one at any time?"

"I know that, but I wish to own one."

"Then poor Mary Waters will have to wait a long time for a husband, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps so," said Charles with a smile.

Then Ludlow whistled a tune, as he continued his work.

"Boys," said Mr. White, as he came into his shop one morning, where Charles and Ludlow were at work, "we are soon likely to have a job in S——. The new State-House is going up as soon as the committee can procure a suitable plan, and I shall have a good opportunity to contract for a good share of the carpenter's work."

"Good! We shall have a change of air," said Ludlow, in a merry mood.

That evening Charles took his paper from the post office, and in it found an advertisement calling for an architectural plan for the State-House. He went home, locked himself up in his room, and devoted half the night to intense thought and study. The next day he procured a large sheet of fine drawing paper, and after supper he again betook himself to his room, where he drew out his table, spread his paper, and then taking his case of mathematical instruments, he set himself about his task. For a whole week he worked every night till twelve or one o'clock, and at the end of that time, his job was finished. He rolled his sheet of paper carefully up in a substantial wrapper, and having directed it to the committee, he entrusted it to the care of the stage driver, to be delivered at its destination in the city of S——.

Nearly three weeks rolled away, and Charles began to fear that his labors had been useless. It was just after dinner. Mr. White and his men had commenced work, when four gentlemen entered the shop, whose every appearance at once bespoke them to be men of the highest standing in society.

"Is there a Mr. Charles Bracket here?" asked one of them.

"That is the man, sir," returned Mr. White, pointing to where Charles, in his checked apron and paper cap, was at work.

The stranger seemed a little surprised as he turned his eyes upon his features.

"Is your name Bracket, sir," he asked, as he went up to where the young man stood.

"It is, sir," replied Charles, trembling with strong excitement.

"Did you draw this plan?" continued the stranger, opening a roll he held in his hand.

"I did, sir," answered Charles, as he at once recognized his work.

"Did you originate it?"

"Every part of it, sir."

The stranger eyed the young carpenter with a wondering look, and so did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Mr. White and Ludlow Weston wondered what it meant.

"Well, sir," at length said he who held the plan, "I am not a little surprised that one like you should have designed and drawn this; but, nevertheless, you are a lucky man. Your plan has been accepted in every feature, and your recommendations have been adopted."

The effect of this announcement upon Charles Bracket was like an electric shock. Objects seemed to swim before his eyes, and he grasped the edge of his bench for support.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. White, "I do not understand this. What does it all mean?"

"It means, sir, that this young man has designed a complete and perfect architectural plan for the new State-House, and it has been unanimously adopted by the committee, from among fifty others which have been received from different parts of the country."

"Charles," uttered the old carpenter, wiping a pride-sent tear from his cheek as he gazed upon his former apprentice, "when did you do this?"

"Three weeks ago, sir."

"And that's what kept you up so late every night for a whole week?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's a powerful genius there, sir," said the spokesman of the visitors.

"Aye," returned Mr. White; and there has been deep and powerful application there too. Charles Bracket has been with me from a boy, sir, and every moment of his leisure time, has been devoted to the most intense study."

The gentleman looked kindly, flatteringly upon the young man, and then turning to Mr. White, he said:

"He has not only given us the design, but as you see, he has calculated to a nicety the number of bricks, the surface of the stone, the quantity of lumber, the weight, length, size and form of the iron, as well as the quantity of other materials and the cost of construction. It is a valuable document."

Ludlow Weston was dumb. He hung down his head and thought of the contempt he had cast upon his companion's studies.

"Mr. Bracket," said the visitor, "I am authorized by the state committee to pay you one thousand dollars for this design, and also to offer you ten dollars per day so long as the building is in course of construction, for your services as superintending architect. The first named sum I will pay you now, and before I leave I would like to have from you an answer to the committee's proposition."

Before the delegation returned to S——, Charles had received his thousand dollars cash, and accepted the offer for superintending the erection of the State-House.

"Ah, Charles," said Ludlow Weston, after they had finished their supper, "you have indeed chosen the wisest part. I had no thought that a carpenter could be such a man."

"And why not a carpenter as well as any one? It only requires study and application."

"But all men are not like you."

"Because all men don't try. Let a man set his eye upon an honorable point, and then follow it steadily, unwaveringly, and he will be sure to reach it. All men may not occupy the same sphere, and it would not be well that they should; but there are few men who may not reach to a degree of honorable eminence in any trade or profession, no matter how humble it may be."

"I believe you are right, Charles; but it is too late for me to try now. I shall never be anything but a journeyman."

"I will own, Ludlow, that you have wasted the best part of your life for study; but there is yet time and opportunity for retrievement."

Ludlow, did try, and he studied, and he improved much, but he was unable to recall the time he had wasted. He had now a family upon his care, and as he had to depend altogether upon his hands for support, he could not work much with his mind.

Charles Bracket saw the building he had planned, entirely finished, and he received the highest encomiums of praise from the chief officers of the State. Business flowed in upon him, and ere many years, Bracket, the architect, was known throughout the Union. When he led Mary Waters to the hymenial altar, he did own one of the prettiest houses in his native town; nor did "poor Mary" have to wait long, either.

There is a deep moral in the foregoing for our young mechanical readers, and we have no doubt they have, ere this, discovered it.

SELF-CRUCIFIXION.—A student of theology at Bonn, went in a fit of religious insanity to a neighboring wood with a hammer and nails, and finding a tree in the form of a cross, actually crucified himself. He was found in a state of insensibility by some peasants, who, not having tools for drawing the nails, felled the tree, and carried him with it to the next village. The young man is now in the hospital at Bonn, and out of danger.

☞ There are in Wisconsin about twenty-five thousand Norwegians.

THE RAINBOW.

SELECTED FOR THE REGISTER BY A LADY.

I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dews on the flowers;
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth,
It had spread to the uttermost ends of the earth;
As fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its bright sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there:
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there.
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole,
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul;
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the fields of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves of the heart of the rose.
And thus when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain,
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

NARRATIVE OF THE CAREER OF WM. FLY, BOATSWAIN OF THE ELIZABETH SNOW.

The following reminiscences in the early criminal history of New England will be read with interest. They were prepared for the National Police Gazette from the records of the Boston Courts:

In April, 1725, the Elizabeth Snow of Bristol, R. I., was preparing to sail from Jamaica to the coast of Guinea. Mr. Green, the master, shipped as boatswain a man named William Fly. The early history of Fy is not known, but it seems that he had been a pirate before, and having escaped justice, he had now an opportunity of getting an honest living, and of obtaining some small preferment, of which he was very ambitious. Immediately after sailing, Fly sounded the crew severally, and found most of them birds of his own feather; ripe for any guilt he might devise. As he thus found tools ready to his hands, he conspired with them to seize the vessel and kill the officers. This done, he proposed to assume the command, and renew his trade of piracy. His brethren in iniquity fully concurred with him.

On the 27th of May, Fly went up to Maurice Condon, the man at the helm accompanied by Alexander Mitchell, Henry Hill, Samuel Cole, Thomas Winthrop, and other conspirators. Putting a pistol to Condon's head, Fly swore that if he uttered a syllable, or stirred hand or foot, he would blow his brains out on the spot. Then leaving a sentry over Condon, he tucked up his sleeves, and went with Mitchell into the Captain's cabin, with a naked cutlass in his hand. He told the captain that he was Captain no longer, and must turn out. Captain Green asked what was the matter, and was answered by Mitchell that they had no time to answer impertinent questions, and that if he would turn out and go on deck quietly, it would save them the trouble of scraping the cabin; but if he would not, then a few buckets of water and a scraper would take his blood out of the floor; that they had chosen Captain Fly for their commander, and would have no other. He said furthermore, that they were resolved not to waste their provisions to feed useless mouths. Mr. Green said that since such was their resolution, he would make no resistance.—He only begged that they would spare his life; as it would be no obstacle to their designs. He said that he had never treated any of them harshly, and that therefore they could not kill him out of revenge. If they wished to do so for their own security, he gave his word that he would oppose them in nothing. If they were not satisfied with the pledge, he desired them to keep him in irons till they came to some place where they might conveniently put him on shore.

"Ay," said Fly, to live and hang us, if we are ever taken. No, no; that bite won't take. It has hanged many an honest fellow already. Wake up! up!"

Fly and Mitchell then laid hands on him, and pulled him out of bed. The poor man again entreated them to spare him, for his soul's sake, and he would bind himself by the most solemn oaths never to appear against them. He continued to plead for life, mere life, in terms that had these monsters been indeed men in anything but form, must have softened them. He said he was unfit to appear before the judgment seat of God; that he was loaded with sins, and that to send him to that awful tribunal before these were washed away by tears of repentance, would be cruelty infinitely greater than merely depriving him of life, since without having given them any provocation, they would consign him to everlasting misery. If they would not be persuaded, he conjured them in the name of their fathers, their mothers, and of all they held in reverence, to allow him time to prepare for so great a change. He asked, he said, no more mercy than the laws would allow them in case they should be taken hereafter. But it was all in vain—Mitchell cut his pleading short.

"D—n your blood," said he, "no preaching. Be d—d if you will; what's that to us? Let him look out who has the watch. On deck, you dog—we'll lose no more time about you."

They then dragged him into the steerage, and forced him on deck, without regard to his prayers and supplications. Here one of the fiends incarnate asked him if he would take the leap like a brave man, or be tossed overboard like a sneaking rascal. Then addresing himself to Fly, the captain said:

"Boatswain, for God Almighty's sake, do not throw me overboard. If you do, I am lost forever, for hell will assuredly be the portion of my crimes."

"D—n him," said Fly, "since he's so godly, we'll give him time to say his prayers, and I'll be the parson. Say after me, 'Lord have mercy on me.' Short prayers are best, so no more words and over with him."

The captain still implored mercy, and begged an hour's respite only, but it was in vain. The miscreants seized him and threw him overboard. He caught and hung by the main sheet, which, when Winthrop saw, he brought an axe and chopped off the unhappy victim's hand, and he fell and sunk. It is to be hoped that his keen sense of his unworthiness and lost condition will be found acceptable, and the means to screen him from the punishment he so much feared.

The captain being thus dispatched, Thomas Jenkins, the mate, was secured and brought on deck to undergo the same fate. His entreaties were as useless as those of the captain had been, and not to be reversed; for he was in the hands of those who knew not what mercy is. His executioners were deaf to the voice of supplication.

"He belongs to the captain's mess," said they, "so let them drink together.—It would be a pity to part such good company."

Thus they jested with his agonies; but he did not suffer so patiently as the captain. He made some struggle which irritated his tormentors, upon which Winthrop, with the same ax wherewith he had chopped off the captain's hand, gave him a deep blow on the shoulder, and he was instantly thrown into the sea. He swam, notwithstanding, and called to the surgeon to throw him a rope. The surgeon could not hear him, for he was laid in irons on the floor of his own cabin, and if he could have heard, and had thrown him a rope, it is not to be supposed that these hardened villians would have suffered him to come on board again. But the drowning catch at straws, and hope is the last feeling to desert us.

The conspirators next debated what should be done with the surgeon. Some were for sending him after the captain and mate, but the majority were for sparing him, as he was a useful man. Their work now done, Mitchell saluted Fly by the title of captain, and, with the rest of the conspirators, gave him formal possession of the great cabin.

Here the conspirators now held a council over a bowl of punch. They sent for Condon, the carpenter, and one Thomas Streaton, and on their appearance Fly addressed them. He told them that they were three rascals, and richly deserved to die, but that he was nevertheless disposed to be merciful, and would only put them in irons for the security of himself and crew. Accordingly they were ironed. Scarcely had this measure been carried into effect, when the council was broken up by the approach of another ship, the Pompey, which had sailed from Jamaica in company with them. The Pompey came within hail, and inquired for captain Green, and Fly replied that he was very well. The pirates did not dare to attack this vessel, but returned to their consultation, and it was agreed to steer for the coast of North Carolina.

After making that shore, the first vessel they saw was the sloop John Hannah, riding at anchor. Captain Fulker, her commander, thinking the Elizabeth might want a pilot, went on board with his mate, two passengers and a boy, and offered his services. Fly told them that the Snow was from Jamaica with a cargo, and asked them into the cabin to partake of a bowl of punch.

When the punch was brought in, Fly told his guests "that he was not a person to mince matters. He and his comrades were gentlemen of fortune, and they would make bold to try if Mr. Fulker's sloop was not a better sailer than the Snow. If she should prove so she was better adapted to their business, and they would have her." The Elizabeth was then brought to anchor, about a league from the sloop, and Fly commanded Mr. Fulker to take his boat, with six of his own hands, to the sloop, and bring her alongside of the Elizabeth. Fulker complied, but the wind being high and adverse, he could not reach the sloop, and therefore returned to the Elizabeth. As soon as he came on board, Fly being warm with liquor, fell into a violent passion, and cursed and abused Mr. Fulker for not bringing off the sloop. Fulker excused himself, saying that it was impossible.

"You lie, you dog," returned the savage, "and your hide shall pay for your roguery. If I can't bring her off, I'll burn her where she lies."

Then, disregarding reason and remonstrance, he ordered Fulker to be tied, and whipped him in a very inhuman manner. The boat's crew were again dispatched, and with great difficulty and danger gained the sloop's deck. She was lying within a bar, upon which the pirates not knowing the coast, ran her, and she bilged and sank. The disappointed freebooters endeavored to burn that part of the hull which remained out of water, but did not succeed, probably owing to the dashing of the spray.

As the Elizabeth was making sail, Mr. Fulker and his companions entreated to be set on shore, to which Fly would not listen, but he promised them that as soon as he should have taken some vessel he would set them at liberty. He then stood off the coast, and on the next day (the 6th of June,) espied a ship called John and Betty, to which he gave chase. Finding that she outsailed him, he hung out signals of distress, to which the chase gave no heed. Fly continued the pursuit all night, and as the wind slackened, in the morning he came within shot of her. Hoisting the black flag, he fired several guns at the John and Betty, and prepared to board when she struck.—Fly boarded the prize with his men all armed to the teeth, but she proved of small value, and they only took from her a quantity of sail cloth and some muskets. He put on board her the surgeon of the Elizabeth, Mr. Fulker, and one of his passengers, and then suffered her to proceed. The other passenger, whose name was Atkinson, was an experienced seaman, well acquainted with the coast of New England, and Fly resolved to detain him as a pilot. When he desired to be permitted to accompany them, the pirate refused with horrid oaths and imprecations, assuring him at the same time, that if he played him false in his compelled vocation, his life should be the forfeit.

Atkinson answered that he did not know the coast, and that it was hard that such a penalty should attach to the mistakes of his ignorance. He therefore begged to be put on board the John and Betty, and trust to their own knowledge, for he did not doubt there were able navigators among them.

"No, no," said Fly, that won't do.—Your palavering won't save your bacon. Go you shan't; so either discharge your duty like an honest man, or I'll send you to the devil with my compliments. So no more words about it."

Fly then stood for the coast of New England. Off the capes of Delaware he gave chase to a sloop, bound with fifty passengers from New York to Philadelphia. As soon as the pirates came up, she struck, and Fly ordered Mr. Atkinson to sail her, but he would not allow Atkinson any arms. But after searching the vessel, they found that she would be of no use to them. So they impressed one of her hands, and then let her go.

Mr. Atkinson was then ordered to take the Elizabeth into Martha's Vineyard, but he purposely missed it; for which, when Fly found himself within Nantucket, he was much exasperated.

"You d—d rascally scoundrel," said he, "it's a piece of cruelty to let such a villian live, as wants to take the lives of so many honest fellows."

Atkinson answered that he had never pretended to know the coast, and that it was very hard their good opinion of his ability should be the cause of his death. Had he offered to be their pilot without knowing his business, he might have merited punishment, but as he was forced to undertake upon affairs which he declared he did not understand, it would be cruel to make him suffer for their own mistake.

"You are an obstinate villian," cried Fly, "and you mean to hang us, but blood and wounds, you dog, you shan't live to see it."

So saying, he ran to the cabin and returned with a pistol to shoot Atkinson. Mitchell, however, who thought the poor man innocent of any deceit, interposed, and his life was saved.

Finding himself hourly in danger, Atkinson began to ingratiate himself with the pirates, giving them to understand that he might, perhaps be induced to join them, by good usage. They were not a little elated at the prospect of having so able a seaman among them, and some even intimated that if he would accept the command, they would depose Fly, whose arrogance displeased them, and who, they were well aware, knew nothing of navigation, or indeed, anything, farther than the duty of a boatswain. Atkinson did not altogether discourage their hopes, but he refused to hear anything about accepting the command. This conduct induced them to treat him better, and to protect him from the violence and abuse of Fly, who had more than once proposed to cast him into the sea, supposing, truly, that he intended to betray them.

The Elizabeth now sailed to Brown's Bank, and on the 23d of June captured a fishing schooner. On coming up with this vessel, Fly ran up the black flag, fired a gun, and swore "if she did'nt instantly bring to and send her boat on board, he would sink her." He was obeyed. He examined the master respecting the prospect of finding other vessels, and promised that if he could enable him to take a good sailer, he would give him back his schooner; otherwise he would keep her. The man told him that he had a consort that would soon join him, and was a much better vessel. He spoke the truth. In a few hours the vessel hove in sight, and Fly manned his prize with six pirates, and sent her in chase, remaining himself on board the Elizabeth, with fifteen impressed men, and Atkinson, who by this time had gained somewhat upon his good graces.

It is written that the days of the wicked shall be short, and it seems that Heaven, weary of the crimes of William Fly, prepared to make the promise good.—Atkinson seeing that the honest men were more numerous, five to one, than the thieves remaining with Fly, thought he could never have a better chance to turn the tables on him. Fortunately several more fishing vessels came in sight right ahead of the Elizabeth, whereupon Atkinson desired the pirate captain to come forward with his glass. Fly left his arms on the quarter deck, and coming forward sat down on the windlass to look out ahead. Atkinson and three more instantly took possession of his arms, and laid hands on him. They secured him with little trouble, and then mastered the other three pirates and bound them.—They then brought the Snow to the great Brewster, in Boston harbor on the 28th of the month. It should be remarked that Mr. Atkinson effected this rescue with the aid of three men only, not having had an opportunity to advise the other impressed men of his design.

Thus in less than two months from its commencement, ended the sanguinary career of this obdurate miscreant, and the closing scene was soon to follow. On the 4th of July following, Fly and his comrades were brought before a special court of Admiralty, at which Lieutenant Governor Sir William Dummer presided, assisted by eighteen of the council. They were found guilty of piracy and murder, and condemned to be hung. Fly was hanged on one of the islands in Boston Harbor. The names of the three inferior pirates were Samuel Cole, George Condick, and Henry Greenvil.

Sketches from the Life of Gen. Pierce.

Below, will be found some very interesting extracts from Hawthorne's Life of Gen. Pierce, which we take from the New York Evening Post. They place Gen. Pierce in his true light, which will justly commend him to the support of the people of the Union. The Boston Post says:

Hawthorne has here presented a beautiful narrative of the career of a friend "dear to him almost from boyish days." It is divided into seven chapters, and has two notes appended. Pehaps the title of the chapters will give a good idea of the arrangement of the work.

Chapt. I. His parentage and early life. Chapt. II. His services in the State and National Legislatures. Chapt. III. His success at the bar. Chapt. IV. Mexican war. His journal of the march from Vera Cruz. Chapt. V. His services in the valley of Mexico. Chapt. VI. The compromise and other matters. Chapt. VII. His nomination for the Presidency.

In this admiraple little volume, as beautifully printed as it is gracefully written, will be found a clear, direct and excellent narrative of the principal events in the life of General Pierce, and a fair estimate of his character. It carries along with it, in its quiet progress, a confidence in its correctness, and the feeling that the merit of its subject is not exaggerated. It is a timely and beautiful tribute to sterling worth, chivalric honor and patriotic service. The portion, especially, relating to the compromise question, is capital. It is able, calm and statesman-like, evincing sound and discriminating views on this subject—views that ought to prevail, and *will* ultimately prevail, here at the north as soon as demagogueism ceases its bids for the abolition vote.

We cordially recomend this finely written biography to those who desire an extended account of the life of Gen. Pierce. It will be an enduring memorial of the next President of the United States.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

Hawthorne's Life of Pierce.

The time has long past, since when, it was necessary for the author of "Twice Told Tales" and the "Scarlet Letters" to avail himself of any transient popular enthusiasm to secure the attention of the public. Few authors of the present day are more sure of readers for whatever they may write than Nathaniel Hawthorne. It deserves, therefore to be distinctly understood that, in preparing a biography of General Franklin Pierce, he has not been actuated by a desire to take advantage of the present extensive demand for this species of campaign literature, usually marketable in proportion to its worthlessness, nor tempted by any personal interest in the political issues to be decided at the coming Presidential election. He has simply obeyed the impulses of an early and cherished friendship for one who, by the unexpected action of a national convention has been exposed to a vast deal of indiscriminate and unmerited abuse. In the preface of this work, with an early copy of which we have been favored by its publishers, he thus states, with characteristic grace and dignity, his motives for undertaking it:

"The author of this memoir—being so little of a politician that he scarcely feels entitled to call himself a member of any party—would not voluntarily have undertaken the work here offered to the public. Neither can he flatter himself that he has been remarkably successful in the performance of his task, viewing it in the light of a political biography, and as a representation of the principles and acts of a public man, intended to operate upon the minds of multitudes, during a Presidential canvass. This species of writing is too remote from his customary occupation—and, he may add, from his tastes—to be very satisfactorily done, without more time and practice than he would be willing to expend for such a purpose. If this little biography have any value, it is probably of another kind—as the narrative of one who knew the individual of whom he treats, at a period of life when character could be read with undoubting accuracy, and who, consequently, in judging of the motives of his